

THE AUTHOR:

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THE AUTHOR'S WAY TO WEALTH.

Some of us have probably read the story of the man who applied to a firm of subscription publishers for the right to canvass for a certain work. "What do you know about that book?" asked the magnate of the office. "Well," answered the would-be agent, "I wrote it, and I thought perhaps this way I might get a little money out of it." We remembered it, perhaps, when, in a late number of THE WRITER we read that discouragingly truthful article on "The Literary Market." We recalled it again over THE AUTHOR'S account of how Mr. Gunter made \$35,000 because he had to be his own publisher. Must the little Unknowns of literature be their own publishers, or agents, to get back the cost of clothing their brain children for the public eye? It looks that way, and here is another illustration on the same line.

An acquaintance of mine wrote some years ago a little book, the retail price of which

was, according to binding, seventy-five cents or one dollar a copy. On this she had the usual ten per cent. royalty; but the book went off slowly, and the returns were small. Finally it occurred to her to order one hundred copies, and see if she could not find purchasers among her acquaintances. As she was poor and pious, of course her friends bought. She extended her field of operations to neighboring towns; then to neighboring states. Presently she called for a new and larger edition, and this, after two years, is again nearly exhausted.

Now, on the old plan she made seven and one-half and ten cents a copy on each book sold; about enough by the year to keep her in shoestrings. By the new arrangement the books were furnished her at seventeen and twenty-three cents respectively, and retailing at the usual rates she had fifty-seven and seventy-seven cents on each copy, and can make a comfortable living. The moral is plain. It takes a certain assurance, of course; but the knowledge that "there's millions in it" ought to stiffen the weakest backbone; and if one can only persuade himself, — as the author in question has done, — that the public will really be helped by his book, that, indeed, though it may not know it, it is hungering and thirsting for it, — why the work is easy.

Another acquaintance acted as agent of his own novel by sending postals to all his friends offering the book at a small discount from the usual rates; but this was not so effective. One may tear up a postal card, as one may shut the door in an agent's face. But when author and agent are one, and before your face, the appeal is made at once to your curiosity and your courtesy. If you know him, how can you refuse, — since you know also the trials of the

trade, the toil over manuscripts and the heartless editors who don't return your stamps?

Emily F. Wheeler.

SOME PAINS OF AUTHORSHIP.

It is probably true, as has been often claimed, that the scholar is the most favored of mankind, and that literature is the most enjoyable of pursuits. The present writer, at least, accepts these propositions. Yet there are certain distinct drawbacks on authorship, discomforts rarely foreseen by the beginner, and seldom mentioned in print by the veteran practitioner. The first of these is doubtless shared with other occupations, but is probably felt more keenly by the author than by any one else,—the shortness of human life itself. Let the most laborious writer do his best, he dies with his work incomplete; and not this alone, but he lives with an increasing accumulation of the most attractive employment that must be foregone for sheer want of time. More and more themes press upon him, more and more illustrations occur, more and more studies open out interesting pathways; and while he perhaps does more and more, he seems to himself to do less and less. In youth I loved mathematics beyond all other studies; I now dwell close beside a great observatory, where busy mathematicians work day and night; yet I cannot, for want of time, even dabble in their equations and logarithms. Just beyond the observatory lies a botanic garden; behind my house dwell two living Cyclopedias of American History; a little way off, in the other direction, dwells the Autocrat of Entomology, with a picturesque laboratory of butterflies, living, dead, and fossil. An accomplished French scholar lives in my street; professors of Greek abound in the neighborhood; there is a library of 260,000 volumes within a mile. All these men and institutions fascinate me; it would be pleasant to spend a lifetime at the feet of each or in employing the material they offer; but it is simply impossible. It is necessary, as Emerson says, to "make their choice of this or that," and forego the rest. No literary man ever led a serener or more fortunate life than Professor Longfellow, yet we find him in his journals constantly lamenting that he can accomplish so little. "Even the greatest," he says, "cannot execute one-tenth part of what they conceive." ("Life," II., 47.)

But there are other discomforts which belong peculiarly to the literary profession. The habit of verbal expression has its own Nemesis; when a man once makes it his life-long business to shape his thoughts into words, the practice becomes his master. As

soon as the thought comes into his head it must be shaped and re-shaped, though he lie awake at night to do it. Even an insignificant letter, once received, must be answered; and the victim begins turning over and over in his mind the way to utter something which in itself is hardly worth saying. The painter must wait for his brush, the sculptor for his clay; but the literary workman has his words, which are his brush and clay, always in his mind, and can vex himself over them in the dark, on his pillow. When the words are shaped on paper at last, the relief will be inexpressible; it is the preliminary period before one gets to the paper that is hard: *L'esprit conçoit avec douleur; mais il enfante avec délices*. Heine says that it would be terrible to create a body and have it demand of us a soul, but that it is still worse to create a soul that craves a body. "The idea which we have thought is such a soul, and it allows us no peace until we have completed its existence."

Still another trouble grows out of this acquired habit of expression,—an undue sensitiveness when any defect of expression occurs. Just as hosts are apt to feel that their dinner-party was a failure from some slight *contretemps* which perhaps passed wholly unnoticed by others; just as a public speaker lies awake worrying over some unfortunate phrase which did not seriously mar his speech; so the author criticises his own work, when once finished, more rancorously than if he edited the *Saturday Review*. If it is a poem, a single lame rhyme; if a story, a single clumsy situation; if an essay, a single false argument, more than neutralizes to him all the charms his best admirers find in "that delightful production." It is not the result of a sensitive conscience alone; a typographical error may be yet worse, for then all the wrath may be heaped on some other head. Now, as, in spite of all exhausting efforts, every volume yet printed has had its weak point in this respect, it may be safely said that every new book costs its author a pang. The printer of Longfellow's "Dante" told me that the poet had looked forward with eager anticipation to its appearance, and when the first volume of the sumptuous book was laid upon the breakfast table, he opened at once upon—a misprint. It was many weeks, my informant said, before the poet could revert with any satisfaction to what he then regarded as his greatest work.

And it is, finally, this last point which constitutes the greatest trial in authorship,—the absolute impossibility of an author's determining what is his greatest work, or of his knowing when he has done a good thing, or, indeed, whether he has ever accom-

plished anything. He can no more judge of the quality of his work,—to use Coleridge's illustration,—than a bee knows the flavor of its own honey. None experienced this better than Coleridge himself, when, as we learn in the late Memoirs of Thomas Poole, he and Wordsworth devoted a laborious winter to composing, the one his "Remorse," the other his "Borderers," and regarded "The Ancient Mariner" as merely the trivial by-play and relief from those heavy and unread dramas. The author cannot trust his own judgment, for are not parents commonly fondest of their most ungainly offspring? He cannot trust his wife; he cannot rely on his friend. The contribution which one editor rejects with scorn, another editor accepts with plaudits. If he wins temporary applause, the author is tempted to distrust public opinion; if the breath of fame does not reach him, that distrust only increases. Let him fail never so utterly, he can still appeal, like Carlyle's Frenchman, to posterity and the immortal gods,—both these tribunals being very far away. So far as the delights of the immediate employment are concerned, I believe that no pursuit can rival literature; but it is proper to warn the young that even its most favored paths are not always strewn with roses.—*T. W. Higginson, in The Independent.*

HOW TO USE THE PEN.

Every time you are tempted to say an ungentle word, or write an unkind line, or say a mean, ungracious thing about anybody, just stop; look ahead twenty-five years, and think how it may come back to you then. Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Sometimes when a man has pitched into me and "cut me up rough," and I want to pulverize him, and wear his gory scalp on my girdle, and hang his hide on my fence, I write a letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him? Gall and *aqua fortis* drip from my blistering pen. Then—I don't mail the letter, and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say, "I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer." The next day I read it again. I laugh, and say, "Pshaw!" and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am

ashamed that I ever wrote it, and I hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day, as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy. Put off your bitter remarks until to-morrow. Then, when you try to say them deliberately, you'll find that you have forgotten them, and ten years later, ah! how glad you will be that you did! Be good-natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amazed to see how dearly and tenderly the worried, tired, vexed, harassed old world loves you.—*Robert F. Burdette.*

MOTHERS IN FICTION.

A sick youth was lying in bed, watching with quiet eyes his mother's form moving gently about the room, where for weeks she had been ministering to him with tenderest heart and hands. There had been a stillness there for a little while, when the boy spoke: "I wonder why there are no mothers in fiction." "Why, there are, dear; there must be," the mother answered quickly; but when she tried to name one, she found that none came at the call. When she related to me the little incident, I, too, immediately said that our memory must be strangely at fault that it did not furnish us with examples in plenty. So obvious and so pregnant a theme had surely not been neglected by novelists. Maternal love! Why, art was filled with illustrations of it, and so was literature. And yet, on making search, I, too, have failed to find the typical mother where it seems she would so easily be found. I have no large acquaintance with the imaginative literature of any language but our own, and the fiction of other countries may afford examples in this kind of which I know nothing. But recalling the work of our own finest and best-known writers, their treatment of the subject appears both scant and slight. Calling the roll of them from Fielding and Scott to Hawthorne and Hardy, it strikes one as singular that they have one and all omitted to delineate with any peculiar force and beauty a human type which suggests itself so naturally as full of opportunity for artistic representation.

There are many figures in fiction movingly illustrative of paternal, filial, fraternal, and sisterly affection. Clive Newcomb's love for his old father is outdone by the Colonel's devotion to his son; Romola's dutiful affection for her father is beauti-

ful, and so is the mutual love of Mollie Gibson and her father, in "Wives and Daughters"; Harry and George Warrington, Seth and Adam Bede, are delightful portraiture of mutual brotherly love; Scott, in Jeanie Deans, has immortalized a sister's devotion, and in Florence Dombey Dickens has given it a pathetic loveliness. We find mothers sketched in as subordinate characters here and there in novels. Mrs. Garth, in "Middlemarch," is a good specimen of motherhood, and so is Bell Robson, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers"; both of these, however, are not depicted as mothers only or chiefly, but also as wives, true and faithful. The Robson family is one of the most finely drawn groups in fiction; the passionate mutual devotion of the father and the daughter, whose ardent, undisciplined nature was derived from his, and the deep and steadfast love of Bell's finely balanced character, are portrayed with an admirable force. Rufus Lyon and Esther are another pair that cannot be overlooked. Dolly Winthrop, — dear soul! — contains all the sweet essence of motherhood in her ample person, although it is not in relation to any child of hers that this deep instinct displays itself. Dolly is a type of the genuine womanhood which includes motherhood, and with what wonderful simplicity she is set before us! Mrs. Yoebright, in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native," is a sketch firmly and strongly drawn, as all that able writer's are, and the filial sentiment in the unfortunate Clym responds to the maternal feelings in his mother's intense soul. I know of no author who has shown a finer appreciation of maternal character than Miss Yonge, who has written too much for her own reputation, and whose work has been so self-restricted within a certain rather narrow sphere of observation that it has not appealed to a wide audience. Yet her earlier and best novels contain much fine and admirably true portraiture of character, and the influence of the mother in family life has never been better depicted. In the "Heir of Redclyffe" the most natural and charming figure is that of Mrs. Edmondston, who so gently manages for his good her kind-hearted, hasty-tempered husband, and lends to each member of the household, in turn, the counsels of her mild wisdom. In the "Daisy Chain," though Mrs. May dies and departs from the scene after the first chapter or two, she remains vividly present as a memory and an influence throughout the whole of the two volumes. Dr. May, always his wife's lover, is as real and charming a man, and as good a father of a much too numerous family, as can be found anywhere. — *Atlantic Monthly for June.*

HOW AUTHORS WRITE. — II.

Below are presented the remainder of the letters from the leading authors and writers of the country, describing their methods of work and giving their ideas regarding composition: —

Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy: "I am more ready to admit 'the superiority of the typewriter in the transference of words to paper,' than in the transference of thoughts, — that is, 'in actual composition.' No typewriter could compass the interlineations, erasures, and general dislocations of some of my pages, nor could I manage one very well in a boat on the river, in the woods, — the thousand places, in short, where a pencil can go. As for dictation 'in actual composition,' — possibly, when long acquaintance with the muse shall have bred in us the easy tolerance of long companionship, a third party will not be *de trop*. At present, however, we are such fools as to love to be alone."

Amelia E. Barr: "I make the first draft of my story with a pencil. I never have dictated. The final copies are made with the Remington No. 2 typewriter. I have used it for two years and find it the very greatest help, as I can make two fair copies at once, one for Dodd, Mead, & Co., the other for my English publishers, James Clarke & Co."

Sarah Orne Jewett: "I have done every line of writing for my books and magazine stories with my own hand; of late years I have used quills from time to time, but usually depend upon Esterbrook's 'J' pens."

Margaret J. Preston: "For half a dozen years past I have done my literary work wholly by dictation, — not altogether from choice, but because I have been suffering greatly from over-taxed sight, and am, therefore, obliged to spare my eyes. I dictate to an amanuensis, — finding it too trying to use the typewriter myself. At first I found this process not agreeable; but constant practice has accustomed me to it, until now I dictate with as much ease almost as if I used the pen in my own hand."

Will Carleton: "I learned phonography before entering college, found it of use to me during my course, and use it considerably now. In composition I use longhand, but in taking notes I employ the magic stenographic characters, especially if quickness is essential."

Edward S. Ellis: "I have used the typewriter for ten years for all purposes of composition. I use my typewriter as I formerly used a pen, making my

first and only copy, which is then carefully revised and prepared for the press. A writer becomes so accustomed to the movement of the machine that his thoughts flow as readily as with the pen, while the speed and legibility secured are beyond comparison with the work even of the most skilful penman."

John G. Whittier: "Thus far I have used the pen, without recourse to typewriter or stenographer. Of late I have not written much beyond brief letters."

M. M. Ballou: "I use the pen altogether in preparing my manuscript for the press. It requires a special gift to dictate to another person. That mode of composition is, I think, the best for commercial correspondence. I once knew an author who set up his own matter at the type-case, without writing it out at all, and he was a prolific contributor to the literary press."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood: "I have generally made use of the pen, as my method of composition is slow and exceedingly painstaking, a day's work receiving many polishings before it goes into final manuscript. Several years ago I tried the typewriter, and liked it very much for correspondence and for copying manuscript after it had been cast into shape. One needs, however, to be in constant practice to use a typewriter well."

George Makepeace Towle: "I always use a stub pen in composing, as well as for letter-writing."

H. H. Boyesen: "I never use a typewriter, or any other mechanical contrivance, as, after repeated trials, I find that its click disturbs my thought. I cannot get accustomed to it."

Rose Terry Cooke: "I have always written with a gold pen, on lined paper, the paper held on an ordinary 'printer's clip,' and placed on my lap. I attribute the fact that I have never had writer's paralysis during forty years of literary work to this natural position of my arm and hand. I am too old to learn typewriting; and I am sure, if I could, that my thoughts would not be as perfectly *en rapport* with the keys as they are with my old-fashioned pen."

W. H. H. Murray: "Nearly all I have written for the public for the last fifteen years has been dictated to a typewriter. I did for a time dictate portions of my work to a stenographer, but found that the speed easily attainable by an expert on a typewriter was fully equal to the demand made upon it by my habit of dictation. I dictate, as a rule, from thirty to fifty words per minute when composing."

Mary J. Holmes: "I am old-fashioned enough to still cling to the steel pen, although quite sure that I should like the typewriter better were I accustomed to it."

Charles Dudley Warner: "I have never tried the typewriter or dictation to a stenographer. I use a pen, and I rather think that inspiration,—if there is any,—comes out of the two fingers and the thumb. While I do not write as rapidly as some, I never copy, and rarely rewrite."

Edgar Saltus: "I fail to see in what way my manner of writing can be of interest to any one, but since you do me the honor to make the inquiry, I may say that the critics accuse me of writing with a lexicon, but that in reality I write with my nerves."

Charles A. Fosdick ("Harry Castlemon"): "I have used a typewriter for six years. I use it in actual composition, and my ordinary speed is three or four pages an hour; but don't understand me to say that I turn off that amount of copy. I can't do it. I never send away a manuscript until it suits me in every particular, and consequently it has to stand a good deal of revising. If I get eight, or at the most twelve, pages out of a day's work, or a book of three hundred pages out of six or seven hundred, I think myself lucky. There is one respect in which the typewriter of to-day is deficient: It does not do away with the long siege of study and reading an author has to go through before he gets himself in shape to begin a series of books. George Eliot read a whole library to get the information she wanted before beginning work upon 'Daniel Deronda,' and people spoke of it as something marvellous, and began to think that perhaps writing was not the only work an author has to do. The only 'method' I have is to get my ideas well in hand, and go to work. I can usually see the end from the beginning, but I see it dimly; and if I laid out a regular 'plot,' I should be almost sure to lose or run away from it. One idea suggests another, and sometimes thoughts come so rapidly that I have to jot them down as they occur, in order to make sure of getting them in in their proper places. On other days, literary labor is worse than digging out roots with a grubbing hoe; and then there is nothing for it, for me, but to put the cover on the typewriter, and take up the fishing-rod or rifle. A day on the lake or in the woods makes an agreeable break in the round of drudgery and toil that is never separable from a writer's existence, gives the wearied brain a respite, and sends one back to his desk with a longer lease of life."

Francis Parkman: "I commonly write rough drafts with a lead pencil, and they are then copied by another hand."

Theodore Roosevelt: "As I write slowly and interline very often, I have so far used the pen; but I think I shall soon come to the typewriter."

Augusta Evans Wilson: "I write my novels with pen and ink, and then carefully copy the MSS. for press. Because of feeble health, my last book, — 'At the Mercy of Tiberius,' — was written with pencil, and the MS. was copied by a typewriter, while I dictated. In view of economy of time and labor, I should cordially commend the use of a typewriting machine."

R. H. Stoddard: "Owing to my blindness past, and in a lesser degree present, I am compelled to use the hand of another. Given eyesight, and the use of my own right hand, I prefer for myself manuscript to type."

B. P. Shillaber: "The typewriter is comparatively new, and, from my complete isolation, I have never once seen one; but from a vague idea formed from what I have heard, I should think it might be an excellent thing for those engaged in elaborate correspondence or composition, but the poetry of the pen must all be forgotten, crushed out between the cogs. I like my pen too well to surrender it to any invention."

Brander Matthews: "I do all my writing with a stylographic pen. But I have all articles of importance, all stories, all plays, copied by the typewriter, and revise carefully this typewritten copy, finding great advantage in thus seeing my MS. in print. I may say that I find the typewritten copy a most useful half-way house between MS. and printer's proof."

Adeline D. T. Whitney: "In making my rough draft of literary work, I have, until of late, always used pencils; keeping plenty of them pointed, so as to throw down one and take up another as fast as blunted; but since I adopted the stylographic pen, I find it the greatest possible help to me, and really think it facilitates thought, by affording such uninterrupted means of committing it to paper. I do not like to typewrite the first composition; I like to lounge and be quiet over my work, rather than 'go at it with hammer and tongs.' But I have used a Remington for many years in copying for the press. It has been a positive enjoyment to *play off* a morning's work in the afternoon of the same day; although I do by no means always keep copied up to the last line in that way."

Edith M. Thomas: "I have never dictated to a stenographer or made use of typewriting; hence, have no opinion formulated upon the subject."

Thomas Hardy: "In reply to your inquiry as to my method of transferring thoughts to paper, I beg to state that I write them in longhand. I have occasionally dictated; but not to a shorthand writer."

Julia C. R. Dorr: "I write with a pen always."

John Burroughs: "What little writing I do is done with a steel pen. I have never used anything else, and it is too late in the day for me to change my habit in this respect."

George Parsons Lathrop: "In literary composition and in letter-writing, I always use the pen, and have never employed the method of dictation. I frequently have my compositions copied by typewriters."

Hezekiah Butterworth: "I write my MSS. first with a pencil on block paper or reporter's paper, correct them, and then send them to the typewriter. It costs me about \$2 to have a MS. of 3,000 words put into typewriting. I usually receive \$10 or more per thousand words for my stories and articles; from \$10 to \$15. I am too much pressed for time to rewrite, and my penmanship has become very poor by rapid writing. The typewriter thus relieves me of mechanical work, and the printer of very bad MS."

John Lillie: "My habit has been for years to use nothing but black lead pencil and soft paper; always providing about a dozen sharpened pencils before I begin to write. Printers like pencil writing as well as ink; a pencil is far easier to write with, and less liable, I think, to give you writers' cramp. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Mr. O'Donnell, M. P., both journalists and prolific writers, do all their work by typewriter. Many journalists use it, and most dramatists, but very few authors, I think, apart from these. In my experience of ten years as assistant editor of two leading magazines, I found very few typewritten MSS. passed through my hands; not more than two or three per cent. In general, I think a writer who deals chiefly with sober facts is greatly helped by stenography and the typewriter; an imaginative writer finds little advantage in either. I have read MSS. from most of the leading novelists of the present day, and, with one exception, I think, they were all written by the author's own hand. At the same time, I know several English novelists who employ shorthand writers to do their correspondence and other work, *apart from story-writing.*"

Charles Barnard: "I use a stylographic pen. Have tried both dictation and typewriter, but both were wholly unsatisfactory. I do not find either equal to the ancient tool. Dictation tends to diffuseness, and makes the work too colloquial,—at least, with me."

Henrietta E. V. Stannard ("John Strange Winter"): "I use a short, plain, silver pen-holder fitted with a gold 'J' pen, the best blue lined paper, and Stephen's blue-black ink. I have done this for years, and turn out beautiful MS., generally without a mistake from beginning to end, and very easy for the printers to copy. I have been so afraid of letting myself get slipshod that I am now, after fifteen years' work, for the first time writing a story in which I allow myself to use such abbreviations as 'thoro'ly,' '&,' 'altho,' etc."

Rev. Robert Collyer: "I do my own writing, such as it is, with my own hand, and have never used a typewriter or any other contrivance to save labor. I did dictate two sermons many years ago, but the plan did not seem to work. My wife, who is my most faithful guardian, says there is something missing,—she could not tell what, nor could I; but the result was that I fell back on my old method, and am contented to follow it still."

Mary Ainge de Vere ("Madeline Bridges"): I use a coarse, common steel pen and open inkstand. I work with great rapidity, and rarely erase or interline,—my first copy usually goes to print. In the matter of dictation I feel a curious sense of restraint. I could never accomplish my best work in that way. When I am writing anything pathetic I always *cry over* it, and what should I do with an unsympathetic stenographer at a moment of that kind?"

Professor Josiah Royce: "Chiefly because I have never been able to afford to buy any of the very best typewriters, and partly because I begrudge the time needed to become expert in the use of one, I still employ in writing my very awkward hand and a fountain pen. As to the effect of the more modern methods upon style, I very much question whether dictation, even to a stenographer, would generally work well for purely literary purposes. A man can indeed cultivate a fair *ex tempore* style (if I may be pardoned the expression), even although he be no sort of an orator. But *ex tempore* discourse requires the stimulus given by an audience that takes more than a perfunctory interest. Hence dictation seems to me rather a method for business correspondence than a truly literary device."

W. E. Norris: "Until lately I have almost always copied out my own MSS. for the printers; but I have now begun to have them typewritten for me, which is certainly a saving of time and trouble at a small expense. I do not use the typewriter myself."

The individual methods in composition of the recognized literary leaders of this country (and many from abroad) have been interestingly presented. Acknowledgment is general that the typewriter is the instrument to use if speed and ease of work is sought; yet many of the best writers believe that rapidity of composition is not to be desired, and that pleasing and graceful expressions seldom resolve without much careful thought. Yet it seems to be overlooked that the typewriter will produce manuscript fast or slow at the option of the operator, giving to it the added attraction of being at once "in print." More than one-fourth of those who write in longhand strongly recommend that manuscript when completed be in typewriting, thus largely increasing the chance of acceptance should the author be unknown, and, in any event, rendering the work of the reader and compositor far less laborious.—S. B. Phillips, in the *Phonographic World*.

A TALK WITH MR. HOWELLS.

W. D. Howells has recently gone to his summer home near Boston. Just before he started I had the rare good fortune to meet him socially, and he entertained me for something like two hours with a talk largely of a personal nature. During the conversation I ventured to inquire of Mr. Howells how he was enjoying life in the metropolis.

"Oh, very much," was his ready response. "I regard New York as an especially attractive city in which to reside, even more so than London or Paris. Yes, I like New York, my work is here, and here I am content to live and toil. I go away with my family very soon to one of the suburban towns near Boston to pass the summer, but we shall be back again in the autumn."

"Can literature be made a profession to-day, the same as any other?"

"I don't see why it cannot be. With me it is a profession, wholly so, and, in fact, it has always been, at least ever since I seriously took up the work of writing. However, I suppose I'm the only person in this country to-day who makes literature strictly a profession. Still, in the case of one who has the necessary adaptation to the work, with the same energy and zeal expended as in any other pur-

suit. I do not see why authorship may not be made a profession or business the same as anything else. It is simply a question of fitness and persistency, and that alone."

"At the present time, what is the outlook for poetry in this country?"

"Of course, this may be regarded as a period when the drift of taste is almost entirely in the direction of the novel or short story. Yet I would by no means seek to discourage any one from attempting verse as the medium of expression, though, regarded from a pecuniary standpoint, the returns are very slight. We have in this country some writers of verse, — I refer to the younger poets, — who are certainly doing most excellent work, and certainly they ought to receive more encouragement from the public."

"I recall very pleasantly, Mr. Howells," I remarked, "a little poem of yours which I came across in some paper many years ago. It bore no name, but ran as follows: —

'Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept.'"

"Yes," he returned, with a smile, "I remember it. It was the work of my early years, away back in the days when my great ambition was to become a poet. That, and several other poems of mine, came to the notice of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he gave them a place in the pages of the magazine. Thinking of those verses now, especially of the one you refer to, it seems almost incredible that I wrote them. It seems to me it would be next to impossible for me to write them now. My gift, rude as it is, lies in quite another direction. Some time ago a lady friend of mine importuned me to write a poem for her for a given purpose, and, after a good deal of labor, I succeeded in my efforts, but it really amounted to a struggle."

"Did story-writing come easy to you at first?"

"Dear me, no. I remember very distinctly the first story I attempted to write, the only one, in fact, before the one entitled "Their Wedding Journey," though the latter is hardly in the nature of a story, being more properly a series of sketches. It was long ago, when I lived in Ohio. At the time I was assisting my father in editing a paper. I got along very well with my story until I wanted to draw it to a close, and in my efforts to do so I got into a most horrible condition of affairs."

"I suppose it is comparatively easy for you to write a story nowadays?"

"Oh! very far from it. Why, returning to a story after I have left it for only a few hours, I find it exceedingly difficult to resume work. So many new ideas will have come to me during the

interim that it is impossible to know for some time in what way to use the material. With me, at the best, composition is slow and laborious, and yet there is something about it that renders it very fascinating. But few of us are constituted as Anthony Trollope was, who could perform a given amount of work each day during the entire year, and keep it up year after year. Trollope was a man not merely of wonderful system, but of great physical endurance. In my own case, I am far from strong, and am obliged to limit my work to the condition of my health and the state of my mind. As a general thing, three and four hours a day is all the time I feel able to give to my work; the rest of my time I devote to outdoor exercise of a moderate character, aside from a few hours set apart for reading and social enjoyment."

"Do you consider it advantageous for a literary worker to reside East, that is, in or near the great centres?"

"Most assuredly I do. A writer so situated can take his work in person from one editor to another, in cases where it has been declined. Then, too, a writer residing in, or close by, the great centres, like Boston or New York, for instance, has an opportunity to be thrown more into social contact with other writers. This fact has its great advantages."

"Do you mean to have me understand that editors like to have writers submit their contributions in person?"

"Why, editors don't like to have manuscripts submitted any way, but as they are dependent on contributions in order to keep the magazines in existence, I see no reason why they should object in the least to this method of receiving contributions more than in the other case."

"Is there any reason for the theory advanced by some persons, to the effect that magazine editors do not read all contributions sent them?"

"As a rule, all articles are carefully examined, no matter from what source they emanate. Of course, there are certain exceptions, as, for instance, the subject of a given article may not strike an editor favorably, or he may have material on hand bearing upon the subject. Again, after reading a few lines of an article, an editor very often can decide respecting its availability. The style of the article may be against it, and the practical editor rarely ever makes a mistake in judgment. But editors are always on the outlook for new material as well as new writers, and are only too glad to get hold of something which is fresh and original, even if it chances to come, — as it so often does, — from a person who is wholly unknown."

"What about the school of realism, of which you are, so to speak, in this country the apostle?"

"Oh, I do not know that I am altogether entitled to that distinction. There are others working in the same line; for example, there are Miss Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Lathrop, and several others whom I could mention. In a certain sense, Aldrich is a realist, and, to some extent, Cable is."

"Yes, Mr. Howells, but you were the one to take the initiatory step."

"Possibly that is true, because I could not help regarding realism as the true method in fiction."

"But the poetry element is not so marked in the realistic as in the romantic."

"But, you see, I think it is even more marked. The very simplicity of realism is poetry in its highest form. In realism there is the disposition to adhere to truth, and what is higher than truth? Now, I confess to an admiration for Ouida, and enjoy her novels, not so much, of course, for what she says as for the manner in which she says it. Tolstoi and all that school of Russian realists are wonderful; there is nothing like their work in all fiction. A certain eminent scholar and writer of our country, referring to Walter Scott's novels not long since, took occasion to state that it was very delightful in these modern days, when Tolstoi and others were being so much read and discussed, to turn back to the great Scotchman for intellectual refreshment. I think the gentleman in question lost sight of the fact that hardly any one to-day could return to Scott and his followers for entertainment and find satisfaction. The truth is, the people of the present day require quite another kind of reading from that which afforded pleasure fifty and less years ago. The short story has taken a great hold upon the popular mind, both abroad and in this country. When successfully handled, it is simply wonderful what a power it has with the reader. But it does n't seem to me that I could write a short story, and I prefer to leave the field to others who are better able to work the ground."

— *Walter Brooks, in the Brooklyn Citizen.*

THE MECHANICS OF VERSE.

It is our purpose neither to indorse nor to apologize for incorrect or slovenly rhyme. We think that the reading public has been educated up to the point now where it insists imperatively upon perfect mechanics in verse; the growth of music has undoubtedly done much to bring about this condition. Still, there are many who claim that the poet should be allowed a certain freedom in order

that his best thought shall not be hampered by too severe rules of poetic expression. That which is called poetic license has been indulged to a preposterous extent by those who are still known as "our great poets." Here are several specimens of Alexander Pope's verse:—

"Then in the scale of life and sense 'tis plain
There must be somewhere such a rank as man."

"Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought."

"Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy nature is to copy them."

"For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish by excess of blood."

"Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys."

Pope scanned all his lines with a tape measure, but when it came to rhyming, he never stopped at niceties. John Dryden has left us a number of remarkable rhymes,—to wit, wish and bliss, grout and shut, forth and worth, inclose and brows, cord and bird, oak and struck, blood and strow'd, rock and smoke, weight and flight, dressed and fist, steel and well, etc., *ad infin.*

So careful a writer as Joseph Addison did not hesitate to avail himself of the poetic license in these specimens of his verse:—

"And sometimes cast an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west."

"One sees her thighs transformed; another views
Her arms shoot out and branching into boughs."

"When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain faint."

As we recollect, Sir Walter Scott's poetry is full of rhyme that is not perfect, and the greatest of modern English poets (invariably careful and correct) does not hesitate to rhyme "hundred" with "thundered," and "wondered" and "blundered"; the grandeur of the theme, the nobility of the thought, and the magnificence of the movement are such that to stop or to carp at that bad rhyme would be a profanation.

Still, it is wise for and it behooves our present-day poets to pay special heed to the mechanics of their verse; mechanics are a part, and *properly* a considerable part, of the treatment of a theme. There is no new thought,—at least, we are continually told so,—therefore, success in verse depends wholly upon the treatment of an old theme or an old idea; and, this being the case, the mechanics of verse,—the *form* of treatment,—must be diligently studied, applied, and conserved.—
Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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If you do not receive your magazine regularly and promptly, let the publisher know.

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THE AUTHOR is open to contributions from any one on any practical topic connected with literary work.

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Bits of information about authors and their work are always wanted for THE AUTHOR's "Literary News and Notes."

Every subscriber for THE AUTHOR should be a subscriber for THE WRITER as well. Nothing printed in either magazine is repeated in the others. The two magazines together will cover every department of literary work.

The department of "Queries" in THE AUTHOR is in the hands of the readers of the magazine. They are invited to ask questions relating to literary matters, and to answer questions asked by others, when they can.

The interesting series of letters entitled "How Authors Write" is concluded in the *Phonographic World* for July, and condensed extracts from the most important letters are reprinted in this month's AUTHOR. The series has been both entertaining and instructive, and no one can have read the letters without gaining many valuable suggestions.

A special arrangement has been made by which *Current Literature* (price, three dollars) and THE WRITER or THE AUTHOR (price, of either magazine, one dollar) will be sent for one year to any new subscriber for three dollars, in advance. All three magazines will be sent for one year to new subscribers for four dollars. Subscriptions must be addressed to the publisher of THE WRITER. Early advantage should be taken of this opportunity.

EDITORIAL DELAYS.

One would be led to think, from reading the inquiries and complaints from authors regarding the wicked editor and his delay in acknowledging the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts, that delays are a new feature in the literary world. In turning over the pages of *Godey's Lady's Book* for the year 1849, how-

ever, I came across the following editorial note to correspondents:—

"We have been obliged to defer the examination of a large number of articles. Next month we shall report on all we can accept. Many of the rejected articles have merit to entitle them to a place in the *Book*, if we had room; but as we have not, we trust each author, after waiting *six months* without seeing a notice, will conclude his or her article is not wanted, and if a copy has been kept (as each writer should), such article might be sent to some publication not so greatly favored with *good contributors* as is the *Lady's Book*."

C. L. Stonaker.

PUEBLO, Colo.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 33.—Can anybody tell me who published a book called, I believe, "Miss Mallows in Search of a Publisher," and where a copy, new or second hand, can be obtained?

J. W.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

No. 34.—Will readers of THE AUTHOR kindly name some of the best books on English grammar and kindred subjects adapted to the use of a young newspaper writer who would cultivate the ability to write clear and vigorous English?

J. B. L.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Bellamy.—Edward Bellamy is a native and resident of Chicopee Falls, a quiet village near Springfield, Mass. He is thirty-nine years of age, though his face, which is strong and earnest, hardly looks it. He has an attractive personality, is cordial in his manners, and talks easily and well. He was married seven or eight years ago, and has two interesting children. After studying at Union College, where he took a part of the regular course, he pursued his studies for a year in Germany, and on his return studied law, and was admitted to the bar. The bent of his tastes was shown by his entering, in 1871, the year he came of age, on journalistic work in New York, where he was on the staff of *The Evening Post*. In the following year he became editorial writer and book-reviewer on the *Springfield Union*, remaining on its staff till 1876, when he

gave up journalism for more distinctively literary work. He took a trip to the Sandwich Islands that year, going by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and returning across the continent. Mr. Bellamy's first book was "A Nantucket Idyl," a summer novel, which had considerable popularity when it first appeared and is still in demand. Not long after the publication of this book his quaint story, entitled "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," was brought out as a serial in the *Springfield Union*. "Miss Ludington's Sister" was another story which exhibited his imaginative powers in a striking way. In an entirely different vein is his "Romance of Shay's Rebellion," which he wrote for the *Berkshire Courier*. Besides these books, he contributed some thirty or forty stories to the magazines, *The Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, *Lippincott's*, *Appleton's Journal*, and others. "Looking Backward," which was published a year ago last winter, is said to differ from his earlier stories, which depict human motives in a seemingly cynical way, by reason of the sentiment of brotherhood which animates it, and which reflects the true spirit of the man as well as of the author. It is an interesting illustration of the modesty of Edward Bellamy, that even after his original publishers had issued a paper edition of his famous book, they had never met him, while most of the persons who had written to him about it were obliged to address him through them. — *Alexander Young, in The Critic.*

Collins.—Wilkie Collins, the man of many plots, is growing old. He walks with the aid of a heavy stick, and his figure is bent even beyond his years. He has a fine head, brilliant eyes, and a face expressive of both strength and kindliness. He is a rich man and has attained wealth with the pen, which he still plies daily, and nearly the whole day at that, working from sheer love of his art, since the necessity for work has long since passed. He lives north of Hyde Park in Gloucester place, and entertains a few literary people occasionally in his immense house, but usually spends his evenings at his club. His method of life is luxurious, and he counts his servants by the half dozen, from the typical English housekeeper, who runs his bachelor establishment on oiled and noiseless wheels, down to the nattiest and airiest of "Buttons." Mr. Collins is a charming host, and a still more charming guest. He is in constant demand for dinners and literary evenings, but it is not often that he can be wooed from the whist table in a corner of the club card-room, where his striking head has become as familiar to the habitués as the fresco on the wall behind it. — *Current Literature.*

Diaz.—Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz was born in Plymouth, Mass. In her early youth she was a zealous abolitionist. Later she became a teacher, and began writing for magazines. "The William Henry Letters," one of her first efforts, appeared first in *Our Young Folks*. Mrs. Diaz is a remarkably bright, energetic woman. She is the president of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston. Her home is in Belmont. — *Book News*.

Gilder.—R. W. Gilder, the editor of the *Century*, and his family have gone to Marion, where they have a cottage of their own, and where Mrs. Cleveland will pass the summer. She and the Gilders are great friends. The *Century* is a co-operative concern, and consequently Mr. Gilder is benefiting by its prosperity. At the end of each year a certain share of the profits is divided among the employees, and Mr. Gilder, as chief of these, gets the largest sum. It is said that last year his share amounted to \$30,000. As a result of this, he has left the queer old house made out of a stable in which he has lived for so many years, and moved into a handsome new one down near Washington square. He is a melancholy, dark-eyed man, with a wan face, and gray hair worn much longer than is common,—the typical poet in appearance, and in reality one of the shrewdest of business men, whose management of the *Century* has been most successful. His wife was a very pretty woman, the daughter of the man who wrote "The Culprit Fay," but has parted with most of her beauty in favor of her big family of babies. The Gilders are also at home on Sunday night, and collect a good many wealthy people about them, including their big, masculine-looking sister, Jeannette Gilder, who founded *The Critic* and made it a success. She lives in the country with a lot of little orphan nieces and nephews she has adopted, to whom she is both father and mother. — *New York Letter*, in *Chicago News*.

Howe.—When a young girl Maud Howe took to writing as naturally as a duckling takes to water. She began to scribble poems and stories without the remotest idea that there was any more definite end to this amusing occupation than the filling of spare hours and blank sheets of paper. It was not until she had passed her first score of years, and had written a novel and many verses, that the idea of writing for anything but her own amusement occurred to her. Miss Howe's first published story appeared in *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, and for this maiden effort she received a check for \$15,—a sum that she spent immediately for a cast

of the Venus of Milo, which is still among her most precious possessions. After the appearance of this tale,—a dream-story, by the way,—Miss Howe began to write for the newspapers. "A Newport Aquarelle," a sketch of Newport society, Miss Howe's first book, was published anonymously six or seven years ago, and had an immediate success, the first five thousand copies selling within five weeks after it appeared. The "San Rosario Ranch" followed,—a more serious novel, the scene of which is laid in California. This was published under the author's name, as was also "Atalanta in the South," a story of New Orleans life, which Miss Howe wrote for the purpose of bringing the South nearer to the heart of the North. Among her miscellaneous publications are a sketch, in "Famous Women," of her mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated last May; a short story called "The Strike," in the *Century* for October, 1888; a dramatic sketch entitled "Golden Meshes," written for George Riddle, the reader; and a novelette, "Mammon," which appeared in *Lippincott's* last summer. Early in 1887 Miss Howe was married to John Elliott, an English artist, and they have made their home in Chicago. Meanwhile she has kept up her literary work. During the past six months she has been engaged in preparing and delivering ten lectures on Contemporaneous Literature, and in writing a love-story for serial publication in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Elliott passes the summer months at her mother's house near Newport, and this is the season that she finds most congenial for her writing. "The summer," she says, "is my best working time, and the morning hours always produce the best work. My working habits may be best described by saying that I seize every minute of the day in which I am not obliged to do something else, and turn always with delight to my reading and writing. In the long summer days, passed in the quiet of a secluded home five miles from Newport, my work has few interruptions. A drive through the quiet country roads or to the town of Newport, and a dip in the blue waters of Narragansett Bay, are the chief diversions I enjoy." — *The Book-Buyer*.

Scott.—I was looking not long ago at the manuscript of "Kenilworth" in the British Museum, and examined the end with particular care, thinking that the wonderful scene of Amy Robsart's death must surely have cost Scott some labor. They were the cleanest pages in the volume. I do not think there was a sentence altered or added in the whole chapter. And what is still more wonderful,

he could dictate with the same rapidity. Three of his novels, and they are among his best,—"A Legend of Montrose," "Ivanhoe," and "The Bride of Lammermoor,"—were in great part dictated, the last entirely so, owing to ill health; but his amanuenses declared that they could hardly keep pace with him. During the progress of "The Bride of Lammermoor" his pain was sometimes such that, strong man as he was, he fairly screamed aloud, but with the next breath he would continue the sentence as though nothing had happened. On one occasion his agony was so great that he was begged to give over till it had passed. "Nay," was the answer. "Only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am dead."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

Southworth.—The roll of years is beginning to tell on Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the famous story-writer. She is now seventy-two years of age, and, although still bright and active, requires constant attention, owing to defective eyesight. In her locomotion around the house, she also shows her years. Most of her time is at present spent upon a new novel, which she believes the public will pronounce her best production. As she grows older, the desire seems to grow with the authoress to write a novel that shall stand out from all her many other works as of unusual strength and literary force. Her handwriting is still firm, and she receives friends with her old-time hospitality, although she no longer visits them in return. The authoress lives in Yonkers, at the house of her son, who has a lucrative medical practice. Her regular yearly income is \$10,000, and with this and the royalties on her many books she is able to live comfortably. — *New York Graphic*.

Stead.—W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is a small, fidgety man, who would not attract much attention in a crowd. He is one of the few English editors who are feared. His office is in a dingy little alley off the Strand, and up a winding stair to a big room, in which there is a desk littered with papers. The man who startled the world by his exposures of "The Maiden Tribute" works in his shirt sleeves. He talks rapidly, and writes with ease. He boasts that he reads every newspaper published in London, and that no manuscript is returned unread from his office. Most people are surprised that Mr. Stead is so well informed on all public matters, and few persons, even in London, know how he comes by his news. In a big three-story house not far from his office he

keeps a force of women and girls busy reading newspapers. They get papers from every quarter of the globe. By a unique system of scrap-books, every printed paragraph about men and women in public life is clipped, properly classified, and put away for reference. Whenever a new man appears in politics, religion, art, or finance, he is added to the list, and every vote he casts on any question, every speech he makes, or anything that may be printed about him, is classified, and held ready for use. The big house is filled with clippings, and to Stead is more valuable than the British Museum. The material is of great value, and is insured for a large amount. In this building is also an interesting collection of written-out interviews Mr. Stead has had with public men and women,—interviews given the great editor, not for publication, but for his own personal information. They are with all sorts of people, on all sorts of topics, for Stead is the only English journalist who dares approach Gladstone and other great leaders. — *London Letter*.

Stedman.—Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet and critic, was born October 8, 1833, in Hartford, Conn. He was sixteen when he entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself by his Greek and Latin compositions, and his poem, "Westminster Abbey" (printed in the *Yale Literary Magazine*), gained for him a first prize. He left college at the age of nineteen, and became editor of the *Norwich Tribune*. In 1853 he married Miss Laura Hyde Woodworth, and the following year became editor of the *Winsted* (Conn.) *Herald*. In 1856 he moved to New York City, where he contributed to *Vanity Fair*, *Putnam's Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals. At the outbreak of the Civil War he went to the front as war-correspondent to the *New York World*, his crisp, incisive style, keen powers of observation, and fine imaginative faculty making his communications models of what such articles should be. In 1865 he settled down in New York as a broker in Wall street, in which business he is still engaged, his literary work being all done after office hours and during his vacations. In 1859 he published "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic." In 1874, with T. B. Aldrich, he edited "Cameos," selected from the works of Walter Savage Landor; also, with an introduction, the poems of Austin Dobson. About 1875, Mr. Stedman began to devote himself to critical writing, and contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* a series of sketches of the poets and poetry of Great Britain from the accession of Queen Victoria to the present time. These were rewritten, and published as

"Victorian Poets." Ten years later he brought out in a similar manner "Poets of America." In 1877 was published "Hawthorne and other Poems"; this tribute to the great novelist being the finest yet paid to his memory. In 1884 a "Household Edition" of Mr. Stedman's poems was brought out, and his whole works in three volumes in 1885. He is now engaged with Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson on "A Library of American Literature," to be completed in ten volumes, of which six are now published. He has been engaged at intervals during many years on a complete metrical translation of the Greek idyllic poets. — *Book News.*

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney has signed a contract giving her new novel to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in which periodical it will begin in the fall. Few people know, by the way, that Mrs. Whitney is a sister of George Francis Train.

A reporter of the *New York Herald* has been interviewing some of the New York publishers, and says he is convinced that "at no distant day a pool will be formed which will embrace every reprinting firm in the country, the object of which will be to control the foreign book trade of the United States. One of the first results would undoubtedly be an increase in the price of reprints." A trust like this would not last long.

The Bible Society has issued in all nearly 50,000,000 Bibles.

Elizabeth Akers Allen, author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," is living at Ridgewood, N. J. She is an interesting woman of fifty-seven, retaining her beauty of face and sparkle of conversation. She began writing poetry at the age of fifteen. Besides an occasional poem, Mrs. Allen does but little literary work nowadays.

"Log Cabins, and How to Build and Furnish Them," by William S. Wicks, is issued by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, with many plans and other illustrations.

General Lloyd Brice, to whom Mr. Rice bequeathed a controlling interest in the *North American Review*, has returned from Europe. He says: "If I assume the editorial management of the *Review*, I shall conduct it as nearly as possible on the same lines that characterized Mr. Rice's management." General Brice says he wrote the first draft of his novel, "Alter Ego," during the roll calls of Congress, keeping the manuscript in his desk.

A lugubrious little book, entitled "Epitaphs," has been issued by J. S. Clark & Co., of Louisville, Ky. It contains quotations suitable for gravestones.

Wilkie Collins has had a second stroke of paralysis, and his literary work is probably at an end. His new novel, "Blind Love," is now appearing serially in the *New York World*. A cable despatch says that instructions regarding the final chapters have been given by Mr. Collins to an amanuensis.

Charlotte M. Yonge is writing her one hundred and first book.

Wilkie Collins, it is said, never once failed to keep a contract with a publisher, and never delivered copy beyond the time stated in the contract.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler and husband are at present staying in London, and that from London they will go to the Isle of Wight to visit Mr. Chanler's sisters, and a few weeks later they will visit friends who live beside the Thames, after which they will travel until the autumn. Mrs. Chanler is writing a book about children employed in mills.

A biography of John Ruskin, by W. G. Collingwood, is nearly ready for publication in London, and a complete bibliography of Ruskin's writings is in preparation at the hands of Thomas J. Wise, an officer of the Shelley Society. A bibliography of Ruskin was published in this country about ten years ago.

Dr. John M. Crawford, of Cincinnati, the translator of the "Kalevala," has been appointed Consul-General to St. Petersburg. He desired this appointment that he might pursue under favorable conditions his studies of the Finnish language and history. It is promised that from his hands will some day come a history of the Fins and translations of the "Kalevipevge," an epic poem, and the "Kanteletas," a book of ballads and folk songs, neither of which has yet been translated. Dr. Crawford is about forty-two years old. He taught school to pay his expenses through college, and after graduation was professor of mathematics in Chickering Institute, Cincinnati. While there he studied medicine, graduating finally from three different schools of the profession, — the allopathic, homœopathic, and eclectic. After his graduation he was chosen professor of physiology and microscopy in Pulte Medical College. Afterward he was elected to the chair of physical diagnosis and the office of registrar of the college, all of which positions he has since held. His associates at the Pulte College gave him a dinner, July 5.

The Artist Printer is the title of a new typographical journal "for the progressive," published in St. Louis, at one dollar a year.

The editor of *Harper's Magazine* selects for publication each year about seventeen manuscript stories, and rejects annually between fifteen and sixteen thousand. The magazine is published at a yearly cost of \$260,000 for original literary matter, and the work of artists and engravers. This sum does not include the expenses of printing or publishing the magazine.

An American writer was recently invited to contribute a paper to a leading British review. A printed slip was inclosed informing the desired victim that the compensation allowed would be three shillings a page!

With the October number *The Cosmopolitan* magazine is to be increased by eight pages. Its management has established branch offices in Chicago and Denver, and will soon print a series of special articles about the West and Southwest. *The Cosmopolitan* is to adopt the complete-novel-in-every-issue scheme.

Ginn & Co. will shortly publish for class-room use "Pages Choiesies des Mémoires du Duc de Saint Simon," edited by Alphonse N. Van Daell, and Dumas' "Les Trois Mousquetaires," edited by F. C. Sumichrast, of Harvard.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish, July 20, "An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare," by Hiram Corson, professor of English Literature at Cornell University.

Margaret Andrews Allen writes sensibly in the July *Babyhood*, on "How Shall We Read to Our Children?"

The government is to push forward the publication of the "Rebellion Records." The work as projected includes one hundred and nine books, of which seventy-one are either published or prepared.

Captain R. B. Forbes, of Boston, now in his eighty-fifth year, is compiling a record of memorable shipwrecks of the last half century, which he proposes to publish.

The Boston correspondent of the *Critic* writes that Dr. Holmes is at Beverly Farms, which has been his sea-shore home of late years. His daughter-in-law is with him, her husband, the Judge, — the "Autocrat's" only surviving son, — having just sailed for Europe for his summer vacation. The venerable author seems to be in very good health, and to bid fair to round his eightieth birthday, which occurs August 29, with flying colors.

An American writer was recently invited to contribute a paper to a leading British review. A printed slip was inclosed informing the desired victim that the compensation allowed would be three shillings a page!

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, announce as ready for publication a "Drillmaster in German" and "Letters for Self-Instruction in the German Language," both by Solomon Deutsch; "The Art of Selling," by F. B. Goddard; and the "Genealogy of the Farnham Family," by J. M. W. Farnham.

A huge edition of General Grant's "Memoirs" will be put on the presses for fall and winter trade. Up to date 325,000 sets of the book have been printed and sold, making 650,000 volumes. The Grant family receives seventy-five per cent. of the profits, and therefore at the closest calculation the income to them thus far from the work must be close on to \$900,000.

T. B. Aldrich has sailed for Europe. He says: "I intend to settle down quietly with my wife and two children in lodgings in London and finish writing a poem that I began a year or two ago. I do not wish my address known, so I shall be free from letters and telegrams, — for a time, at least. The poem will be a narrative of 1,200 lines of the time of Queen Elizabeth. I hope to finish it within a month, and then I shall go to Paris and see the Exposition. In two months I shall return."

Maurice Thompson writes, in the *North American Review*: "Neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. James, with their names rung up and down and back and forth, day in and day out, for years, in every city, town, hamlet, and neighborhood of our country, has ever been able to compare editions with Zola, Daudet, or many other alien novelists; and yet America is the book-reading nation of the world! In England a novelist of the standing of Mr. Howells can take the manuscript of his latest novel to his publisher and receive in exchange for it a check for from ten hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. Even Anthony Trollope received as much as fifteen thousand dollars for a novel. It is safe to say that there is not in America a publisher (not a magazine or journal owner), who would pay Mr. Howells the half of such a sum. In a word, we present the curious condition of a nation reading more books than any other nation in the world, and at the same time paying to its own writers of high merit the smallest incomes offered to such authors within the limits of civilization."

Little, Brown, & Co. are to publish in the autumn a popular edition of Dr. Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." Their fine edition of this book was sold out in advance of publication.

A new series of small volumes is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, to be called "Literary Gems." Among early issues will be Poe's "Gold Bug," Dr. Brown's "Rab and his Friends," Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," and Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light."

The Putnams will issue in their Knickerbocker Nuggets Series as much of Goethe's autobiography as relates to his boyhood and youth.

Willard Fracker & Co., New York, will soon publish in book form the *Chicago Tribune* prize novel, entitled "By a Hair's Breadth," by Edith Sessions Tupper. The author is at work upon a novel, entitled "By Whose Hand?" which will appear early in September over the imprint of the same house.

The *Toledo Blade* announces that it will begin publishing soon a story, entitled "The Demagogue," by the late D. R. Locke ("Nasby").

The Browning Society of London have reached a "poem" by their idol which they can't explain, and they have had to ask him to interpret it for them.

A prize of \$500 is offered for the best essay on the title of the miracles of our Lord to credence. One of the conditions is that it shall answer the argument against miracles presented in the book "Elsmere Elsewhere." A prize of \$100 is offered for the best essay on "Prayer." One of the conditions is that the latter essay prove that supplication is not merely a vehicle for aspiration; that objective as well as subjective benefits are realized from prayer. The circular is signed by F. S. Abiff, as secretary of the committee of award, 131 Tremont street, Boston.

Concerning the use of tobacco, a French writer has thus gathered the opinions of various of his literary countrymen: M. Dumas found that tobacco, after a while, made him giddy, the giddiness disappearing six months after he had ceased smoking. He says: "Tobacco, in my opinion, together with alcohol, is the most formidable enemy of intelligence." Augier and Feuillet, Dumas declares, have almost died of smoking. Taine smokes cigarettes, and says it is a bad habit. Zola says he left off smoking some years ago on the advice of a physician, and adds: "Perfection is so dull a thing that I often regret having cured myself of smoking."

L. J. Vance, who last year succeeded Mr. Collins as managing editor of the *Epoch* (a position previously held by Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Dole), has just resigned, and will spend the summer abroad.

The Theatre for June 29 contains an excellent portrait of the late John Gilbert.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. are preparing a new edition of their catalogue, including the new names transferred from the list of Ticknor & Co. The new catalogue will embrace six hundred additional volumes; it will also include many new portraits.

Tom P. Morgan, a young Kansas writer, has just sold his first long story to a New York syndicate.

John Tenniel, "Punch's" famous cartoon artist, will be seventy next year. He joined the staff in 1851, succeeding Richard Doyle, who resigned on a question of conscience, and since that year few issues of the paper have appeared without contributions from his pencil. Mr. Tenniel has worked under four editors, — Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, and now Mr. Burnand.

Sun and Shade for June contains eight fine photographs, the first one being taken from the painting by P. Grolleron, "The Skirmishers." Besides other reproductions of recent paintings, it also contains a fine portrait of Carl Shurz and a view of Johnstown, Pa., after the flood.

Mrs. Margaret Deland is at Kennebunkport at work on a novel to be known as "Sidney." "John Ward, Preacher," is in its forty-seventh thousand now.

D. Lothrop Company will soon publish "Sweetbriar," a story of girl life and society, by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.

Longmans, Green, & Co.'s *New Review* for July will contain a paper on the Eiffel Tower, by M. Eiffel; one on the Shah of Persia, by Lord Castletown; one on "The Eight Hours' Bill," by Charles Bradlaugh; and one on Matthew Arnold, by Lord Coleridge.

Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation a series of four volumes devoted to American history. In size and scope they will be similar to the volumes in the Epochs of History Series. The first of the series will treat of the epoch of discovery and of colonization, the second of the French and Indian War and the Revolution, the third of the discussion and adoption of the Federal constitution, after the Revolution, and the fourth of the conflict over slavery, from the rise of the slave power to the end of reconstruction. Writers of eminence are said to have undertaken these works.